

POETIC TRIFLES,

FOR YOUNG

GENTLEMEN & LADIES.

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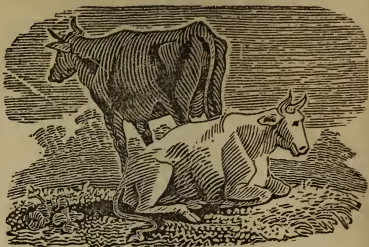
Chapbooks: Gies...



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BANBURY:

PRINTED BY J. G. RUSHER.



From Banbury to Wroxton
 To buy a fatted beast ;
 I sold it to the Colonel,
 To make a Christmas feast :
 'Twas given to the needy,
 When at the Abbey drest ;
 The Baroness did give good cheer,
 They by the poor are blest.



The Sheep gives its fleece
 For our comfort and use ;
 No creature to man
 Gives such ample produce :
 His flesh is for food,
 Of his skin parchment's made ;
 To Lawyers and Binders
 A help in their trade.

His Pa and Tom Gill
To Banbury fair,
Went by fam'd Crouch-hill
To see the sights there :
Bought a Banbury Cake,
And put in his thumbs ;
When he was delighted
With currants and plums.
Saw giants and dwarfs ;
And many eye feasts,
Tumbling and dancing,
And Wombwell's wild beasts.
Stalls in abundance
And shops, pastry-cooks ;
His Pa bought a pony,—
From Rusher's some books.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow ?
There silver bells, and cockle shells,
Columbines in a row.



Sing see-saw, Jack thatching the ridge,
Which is the way to Banbury-bridge?
One foot up, and t'other foot down,
And that's the way to Banbury town.

Lady-bird, lady-bird,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children at home:
They're all burnt but one,
And that's little Ann;
And she has crept under
The warming-pan.



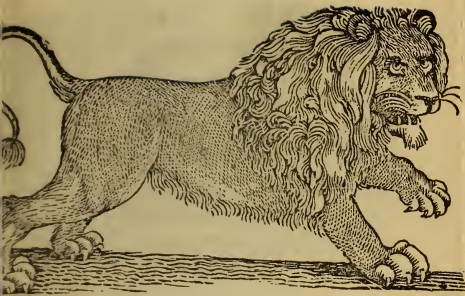
Bow, wow, says the dog,
 Mew, mew, says the cat;
 Grunt, grunt, goes the hog,
 And squeak, does the rat.
 Tu, whu, says the owl,
 Caw, caw, does the crow;
 Quack, quack, goes the duck,
 The sparrow's you know.
 With sparrow and owl,
 With rat and with dog,
 With duck and with crow,
 With cat and with hog,—
 A fine song I've made,
 To please you, my dear;
 And, if its well sung,
 'Twill be pleasing to hear.



How trusty and kind to
His master is Tray,
How cheerful his orders
With speed he'll obey ;
No present can bribe him,
Or threats make him fear ;
His looks and his actions
Are truly sincere.



The Bear is exhibited
 Oft as a shew,
 A monkey sits on him
 Drest out as a beau :
 He travels most sulky,
 Is tutor'd to dance ;
 Not quite so genteel as
 Polite men of France.



'The Lion is king
Of every wild beast,
And on his subjects
He often does feast :

He follows Jackall,
To look for his prey ;
Beasts are in danger,
That fall in his way.



Hush-a-bye, a ba-lamb,
 Hush-a-bye, a milk cow ;
 We'll find a little stick,
 To beat barking bow-wow.

Domestic and fond, see
 The kittens and cat ;
 Clear houses of vermin,
 The mouse and the rat :
 They live in contentment,
 And keep you in peace ;
 Or these foes in number
 Would greatly increase.



The Horse is most useful
Of all the brute race,
Is strong in his stature,
And quick in his pace ;
Obedient in harness,
With saddle or reins,
And all he requires
Is food for his pains.

I had a little boy,
And called him my Blue Bell ;
Gave him a little work,
He did it very well :

I bade him go up stairs
To bring me a gold pin ;
In coal-scuttle fell he,
Up to his little chin.

He went to the garden
To pick a little sage ;
He tumbled on his nose,
And fell into a rage.

He went to the cellar
To draw a little beer ;
And quickly did return,
To say there was none there.

Great A, little a, Bouncing B,
Cat's in the cupboard and she can't see.

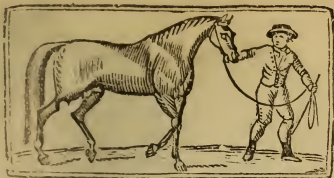


The Tiger is cruel,
Voracious and sly,
And ne'er quits the prey
He marks with his eye ;
Flies out of ambush.
On each one he darts ;
Tears them to pieces
Before he departs.



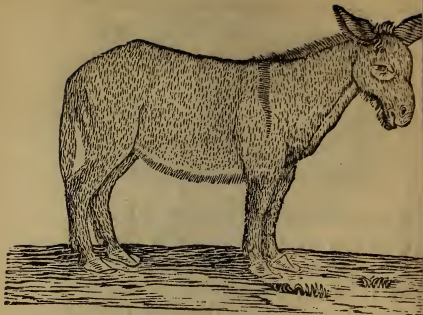
Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
 Beggars are come to town ;
 Some in jags, some in rags,
 And one in velvet gown.

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,
 Where have you been ?
 I've been up to London,
 To look at the Queen.
 Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,
 What did you do there ?
 I frightened a dormouse
 Sat under the chair.

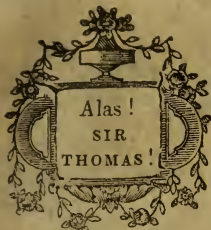


Robert Barnes, my fellow fine,
 Can you shoe this horse of mine ?
 Yes, my good sir, that I can,
 Well as any other man :
 There's a nail, and there's a prod ;
 Now good sir, your horse is shod.

To Banbury market
 To buy a nice bun ;
 Home again, home again,
 Market is done.



Tho' stubborn the Ass,
Safe carries his load ;
And brouses the hedge
Each side of the road :
Use him with mercy,
Not beat his poor hide ;
Often he'll give you
A nice gentle ride.



A tomb stone of marble,
 From Italy come,—
 “Sir Thomas the noble,
 “The famous Tom Thumò.”





Alas ! Tom Thumb !